



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

diary of a torn soldier 2



10 0 1

Chapter 1 by brotherswiss

Day 2

my tent is hot, no wind shall blow
i dream of cold i dream of snow
i see my death still coming near
tattoos all black and long black hair
my voice is mellow my teeth all yellow
my soul is grey but if i may
might heart is set in stone
i hit thou with a chisel and
out comes shiny gold
what comes upon my evil eyes
of blue and white is stoled
5^6 and made of iron, sweat makes rust
and rust breaks wires
wires break and irons old
so then i dream
i dream of snow

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account